THE WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 5.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1804. [WHOLE No. 109.

THE DRUID.

A TALE.

[*From the Tales of Imagination.*]

(Continued from page 26.)

THE two armies engaged with equal fury, and for a long time it was doubtful on which side victory would terminate. Elsimena, from the confines of the grove, beheld her lover rush into the midst of the battle, with a courage and resolution truly heroic; but, when he leaped from the chariot, to engage the enemy sword in hand, she stretched her aching eyes in vain to distinguish him from the crowd of gallant heroes who united against the common foe.

The fight was long and desperate, but the superior number of the Romans at length prevailed; the flower of the warlike Silures were slain or taken prisoners, and the rest obliged to save themselves by flight.

Elsimena anxiously enquired of the Britons, who fled toward the hills for shelter from the victorious enemy, concerning her lover, and with anguish heard the gallant youth had fallen among the slain. Frantic with grief, she snatched a sword from one of them. "How, my brave countrymen! (said she) will you suffer the gallant heroes who fought with you this day, in defence of our liberties, to fall unrevenged? For my part, I am resolved to sell my life dearly, and not till I have myself had the consolation of dying a sword in the blood of our enemies." Saying thus, like an arrow from a bow she descended the hill, and, urged on by despair, rushed into the midst of the enemy, who had now gained the foot of it, in pursuit of the flying Britons, resolving, if she could not revenge the death of her lover, at least to perish in the attempt.

The Britons, animated by the conduct of Elsimena, once more faced the enemy. Ashamed of being surpassed in courage by a woman, they attacked them with redoubled fury, and, though the superior numbers of the latter rendered all hope of victory abortive, to the great loss of the Romans they fought till either they were slain or made prisoners. The Druid was in the mean while not an inactive spectator of this scene. Animated with a glorious enthusiasm, he seized the reins of a chariot, and, vaulting into the seat, drove with a desperate fury into the midst of the fight, cutting down all before him, and repeatedly discharging darts upon the enemy, till, overpowered by numbers, he was constrained to yield himself their prisoner.

But to return again to our fair heroine. Urged on by despair, she attempted to rid herself of a life which, since Guiderius was slain, could no longer afford her pleasure; but Claudius, the young Roman who had been entertained by the Druid, fortunately observed her, and made a sign to his men to surround and convey her prisoner to his tent; which was accordingly done, notwithstanding her efforts to prevent it, by endeavoring to put an end to her existence. But what was the excess of her joy, when in the tent to which she was conducted by the Roman troops, she beheld her beloved Guiderius! He was reclined on a superb sopha, and, from the wounds which he had received in battle, was extremely weak and faint; so that the unexpected sight of his mistress a prisoner, and in the tent of his rival, raised in his breast such violent emotions, that they were nearly fatal to him.—Nor was Elsimena less agitated to behold her lover, contrary to her expectations, alive; yet a prisoner, and apparently on the brink of the grave.—She sunk at his feet in a swoon, out of which it was some time before she was recovered by the attendants, who, by the orders of their master, treated her with the utmost respect and attention; but what afterwards contributed greatly to her recovery was, to find from the surgeon, who had examined the wounds of her lover, that they were not mortal.

Elsimena having, at the request of Guiderius, informed him by what means she fell into the hands of the enemy, was in return acquainted by him, that she was in the tent of the stranger who had sojourned with them in the Druid's cave; who, he had learned, was son to the Roman general. He also informed her that it was entirely owing to the humanity of Claudius he owed his life.—"Overpowered (said he) by the enemy, I sunk down covered with wounds and faint with loss of blood, when the generous Roman hastily advanced to my assistance; his own soldiers bore me to this tent, where I have been treated with a respect rather due to the victor than the vanquished: thus has he rendered me his debtor for a life which must in future prove a burthen to me."

"Have better thoughts, my Guiderius," said Elsimena, supposing he alluded to the prospect of a tedious captivity; "who can tell but the grateful Roman may design the generous treatment we receive as a prelude to the freedom he means to offer you." "Indulge not that flattering thought, my Elsimena, (said the youth) which, should it prove a true presage, can afford to me but small consolation.—Could I enjoy the pleasures of liberty, while those of my gallant friends, who have escaped the hostile sword, linger in an irksome captivity, to swell the triumph of the insulting conqueror? Can I find joy in the life which must no longer be rendered desirable by the presence of my Elsimena?" "How! (said the fair captive) does Guiderius suspect the faith of his Elsimena?" "Far from my breast (said the youth) be that ungenerous thought! yet, my beloved Elsimena, do not I see thee captive to my rival? to one who is too powerfully awake to thy charms to forego the possession of them! O cruel thought, it wrings my very soul!"

I shall pass over the many tender melancholy things, which passed between the lovers on this subject, (which they could the more freely utter, as they found their attendants were not familiar with the Celtic tongue), as also the solemn protestations which Elsimena made, to preserve the faith she had plighted to Guiderius inviolate, whether life or death awaited her, and inform the reader, that, the Romans having gained a complete victory over the Britons, Claudius returned to the tent where Elsimena and Guiderius were. He approached them both with the most obliging and respectful air, and, addressing himself to Guiderius, though his eyes insensibly inclined towards the fair captive, "Fortune (said he) is not always the friend to valor; if so, Guiderius would this day have been a conqueror. Blush not, gallant youth, (said Claudius) the Romans have little to boast of a conquest which redounds equally to the honor of the vanquished and the victor; but here, indeed, (said he, turning to Elsimena) is a prize that may well swell the pride of conquest! Weep not, beautiful Elsimena, (continued he) you are in the hands of one, who, though enflamed by your beauty, will not forget the respect due to your virtue and misfortunes."

Little more past at that time, Claudius being summoned to the tent of his father; who, having been in the action slightly wounded by a javelin, had ordered enquiry to be made among the prisoners for the Briton who threw it, and, further to aid the discovery, had offered life and freedom to the owner. The next day the javelin was exposed, in the tent of the Roman general, but, as the Britons fought for the most part with darts and swords, few appeared to review it, much less to own it.

News, however, was at length bro't to the general, that one of the prisoners confessed himself to be the man who threw it. The Roman commander ordered him to be brought into his presence, and, having dismissed his attendants, asked him many questions concerning the manner in which he came by it. "Sir, (said Modred, for it was in truth that venerable sage) it once belonged to a fair unfortunate, who has long since descended to the dust." The general, whose curiosity was excited by this reply, requested, with emotion, to know further particulars, which the Druid thus proceeded to relate. "When Aulus Didius (said he) succeeded the gallant Ostorius, who gained immortal honor by the conquest of our monarch, the valiant Caractacus, in the command of the Roman forces, Ethelda, the daughter of a gallant warrior, who has since fallen in defence of our liberties, was made captive by a young commander, who led a numerous legion against our nation. The conqueror, struck with her beauty and respecting her misfortunes, strove to lighten her captivity by the most generous treatment; but, alas! in so doing, he imposed on her more lasting chains. She no longer viewed him but with the eyes of love, and a passion too strong to be erased by time, took possession of her heart. The young conqueror, as I before observed, was not insensible of her charms; but Ethelda knew too well what was due to her birth and sex to yield on dishonorable terms; she repelled the solicitation of her lover with a firmness that at once awed and increased his flame. Convinced of her merit, he at length offered her his hand, which the fair captive had not power to refuse. That very hour she became his wife, but a final separation in a short time after took place. On their march to join the Roman general, they were surprised by a body of our troops; led on by the father of Ethelda, they routed the enemy and rescued the prisoners which were taken in the former skirmish. Ethelda, from a rising ground, beheld the contest with inconceivable horror, not knowing for the success of which to direct her prayers to heaven; the liberties, and perhaps the lives of her father and countrymen, depending on the one side, and on the other, those of the man for whom she had estranged herself from both.

"The engagement was obstinate and bloody, but victory was on the point of terminating in favor of our arms, when the Romans were relieved by a troop of horse, but not before the unfortunate Ethelda had seen both her father and her husband fall.

"This reinforcement of the Romans threw the Britons into confusion. They fled with precipitation, and escaped the sword of the enemy under covert of the night. Ethelda fled, not knowing whither, till, her strength failing, she sunk down at the door of a poor widow, who received her into her humble dwelling, and set before her some refreshment; but it was two days before she could be prevailed upon either to eat or speak. After this, she became more calm, and related to the good woman the calamities that had befallen her and caused her grief: she also declared it as her determination, never more to unite with society, and joyfully accepted the poor widow's offer of abiding in her cottage, and partaking the small comforts her humble lot afforded. Ethelda died two years after, having first given birth to a female infant.

(To be continued.)

PATHETIC.

[*The subsequent tale is no "vision wove in Fancy's loom," it is a simple narrative of matter of fact, and the horrible evils of uncurbed passion may here be seen faithfully reflected, as in a mirror.*]

Marriage is sure a matter of more worth
Than to be subject for attorney-ship—
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife!
Wheras the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN W....., a small village in Saxony, there lived a poor, but honest and upright curate, who, for many years, had enjoyed, without alloy, the tranquil pleasures of domestic happiness. He had a wife and an only daughter. Content within the sphere in which they were placed, and unacquainted with the turbulent passions of the fashionable world, their days flowed quietly on, in an uniform course of undisturbed felicity. The mother and daughter took a joint care of all the domestic concerns, and strove, by every considerate act of attention and love, to diminish the burthen, which the duties of the good old man imposed on him. Harriot (this was the name of his daughter) was, in the strictest sense of the words, the child after his own heart. He was unhappy if she was absent, even for a few hours, and she was, therefore, his constant attendant. She was about eighteen years old, but had not yet experienced the enquietudes of that passion, which often exhibits itself in very early life in the great world, and her principles and mode of thinking were too noble and good, to inspire her parents with even the slightest apprehensions as to the wanderings of her heart.—But hear her history.

It is the custom, in that country, for the cavalry to be quartered, during the time of peace, in different villages, where it is maintained at the expense of the peasantry. Many of these soldiers are riotous young men, who, by virtue of their profession and uniform, have an entrance into the houses of all the peasantry, and even of the curates. One of them, a handsome but giddy young man, was quartered at W....., where he soon made the acqaintance of the good old parson.

The young soldier had more culture of mind than is commonly met with in such a class of men. He pleased the curate; they met frequently, and often sat up till past midnight, entertaining themselves with the histor of battles and warlike atchievements, of which each of them knew an abundance of anecdotes.

Harriot found great entertainment in the company of the warrior, and like Othello's mistress, the story of his life, the battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed, the hair-breadth 'scapes, the moving accidents by flood and field, o'ercame her heart. Love had taken possession of her bosom before she was aware of its approach. The progress of this passion, when once admitted into the human breast, is certain as fate. She blushed, when he took her by the hand, and was unhappy when he left her. The soldier could not resist the beautiful girl—his heart was formed for love! they therefore soon came to an explanation, but carefully concealed their mutual attatchment from her parents; for they were justly afraid, that prudential motives would cause them to oppose it. They bound themselves to each other, however, by an oath, which, at the same time that it showed the strength of their affection, exhibited the most romantic turn of mind. They promised to marry each other as soon as he should attain the rank of serjeant major, and agreed *that the one should destroy the other, who first failed in the engagement.*

Thus matters stood, when, contrary to the hopes of the lovers, a lawyer, from a neighboring town, applied to the father of Harriot for the hand of his daughter. He was well received, and his views promoted by the old people; but when his intention was declared to the unfortnnate girl, she fell into the arms of her father as if struck with lightning, and, upon her recovery, she wept bitterly, and intreated him not to encourage the addresses of this new lover.

Her parents, being ignorant of the true cause of her aversion, thought that time alone would overcome it, and they therefore gave their solemn promise to the lawyer, and resolved to employ every means in their power to second his wishes. Harriot, however, resisted every argument, aud remained true to her promise; but her parents, at last, growing tired of her opposition, determined to employ their authority.

The arguments that were made use of are needless to mention, and they were attended with success. The young soldier soon received the intelligence, and from that moment desisted from visiting the parsonage. His resolution was taken—for without the girl he could not live.

A short time *before* the marriage day, a dance was given in W....., in honor of the pair. To this he resorted, unable any longer to resist the desire of seeing his once beloved. He concealed himself among the spectators until he saw her dance; this roused him to a state of fury; he ran home, and took a pair of pistols, which were loaded, and waited until the party broke up. It was a dark night, but he discerned the unhappy bride and her bridegroom, walking hand in hand. He stept up to her, and, in a low voice, requested that she would indulge him with a moment's conversation. She disengaged her arm from that of the lawyer, intreating him to walk on, assuring him she would immediately return; but alas! it was the last moment of her existence! a pistol shot was heard, and when her friends reached the place, she was seen lying weltering in blood at the feet of her murderer. "Now art thou mine again!" cried the soldier, "our oaths are fulfilled;" and with these words he disappeared, favored by the obscurity of the night: but he did not fly to escape. He delivered himself to the officers of justice, who were nearest the place, and desired to be instantly executed; which event soon followed.

CONTRASTS IN LOVE.

[*By St. Pierre.*]

THE contrasts of Man are all within himself. Two opposite passions, Love and Ambition, balance all his actions. To Love, are referable all the pleasures of the senses; to Ambition, all those of the soul. These two passions are in perpetual counterpoise in the same subject; and while the first is accumulating on Man every kind of corporeal enjoyment, and insensibly sinking him below the level of the beasts; the second prompts him to aim

at universal dominion, and to exalt himself, at length, up to the DEITY. These two contradictory effects are observable in all men, who have it in their power, without obstruction, to follow these opposite impulses, whether in the class of Kings, or that of slaves. The *Neros*, the *Caligulas*, the *Domitians*, lived like brutes, and exacted the adoration due to Gods. We find in Negros the same incontinence, the same pride, and the same stupidity.

Nature, however, has bestowed these two passions on Man, as a source of happiness. She produces an equal number of each sex, in order to direct the love of every man to a single object, and in that object she has united all the harmonies which are scattered over her most beautiful productions.—There is between Man and Woman a wonderful analogy of forms, of inclinations, and of tastes; but there is a difference still greater, of these very qualities. Love, as we shall have occasion to observe, results only from contrasts, and the greater they are, the more powerful is its energy. I could easily demonstrate this, by the evidence of a thousand historal facts. It is well known, for example, with what a mad excess of passion that tall and clumsy soldier *Mark Anthony* loved, and was beloved by, *Cleopatra*; not the person whom our Sculptors represent, of a tall, portly, sabine figure, but the *Cleopatra* whom Historians paint, as little, lively, sprightly, carried in disguise about the streets of Alexandria, in the night-time, packed up in a parcel of goods, on the shoulders of *Apollodorus*, to keep an assignation with *Julius Cæsar*.

The influence of contrasts, in Love, is so certain, that, on seeing the lover, it would be easily possible to draw the portrait of the beloved object, without having seen it, provided only it were known that the passion was extremely violent. Of this I myself have made proof, on various occasions; among others, in a city where I was entirely a stranger. A gentleman of the place, one of my friends, carried me to visit his sister, a very virtuous young lady, and he informed me, as we were going, that she was violently in love. Being arrived at her apartments, and Love happening to become the subject of conversation, it came into my head to say to her, that I knew the laws which determined our choice in love, and that, if she would permit me, I could draw her lover's picture, though he was utterly unknown to me. She bid me defiance: upon this taken the opposite to her tall and buxom figure, to her temperament and character, which her brother had been describing to me, I painted her favorite as a little man, not overloaded with flesh, with blue eyes, and fair hair, somewhat fickle, eager after information. Every word I uttered made her blush up to the eyes, and she became seriously angry with her brother, accusing him of having betrayed her secret. This, however, was not the case, and he was fully as much astonished as herself.

These observations are of more importance than we, generally, imagine. They will enable us to demonstrate, to what a degree our Institutions deviate from the Laws of Nature, and weaken the power of Love, when they assign to Woman the studies and the employments of Man. Virtue alone knows how to turn these contrasts to good account, in the married state, in which the duties of the two sexes are so very different. There, too, she presents to their natural ambition, a career the most sublime, in the education of their children, whose reason it is their duty to form; and their sweetest recompense to receive, in exchange, the first sentiments of filial affection. In the hearts of their children their memory is to be perpetuated on the earth, in a manner more affecting, and infinitely more indelible, than the memory of Kings on public monuments. What power can equal that which confers existence, and the power of thought; and what recollection can last so long as that of filial gratitude?

The government of a good King has been compared to that of a Father; but the empire of a virtuous Father can be compared only to that of GOD himself. Virtue is, to Man, the true law of Nature. It is the harmony of all harmonies. Virtue alone can render Love sublime, and Ambition beneficent. It can derive the purest gratification even from privations the most severe. Rob it of Love, Friendship, Honor, the Sun, the Elements, it feels that, under the administration of a Being just and good, abundant compensation is reserved for it, and it acquires an increase of confidence in GOD, even from the cruelty and injustice of Man. It was Virtue that supported, in every situation of life, an *Antoninus*, a *Socrates*, an *Epictetus*, a *Fenelon*; that rendered them, at once, the happiest, and the most respectable of Mankind.

INDISCRETION.

"I know the right, and yet the wrong pursue."

FAIN would we commit to abler hands, the treatment of those subjects, which involve the requisites, of judgment, erudition, personal information and modest criticism. Fain would we relinquish the afflicting task of representing deformity, when so many lovely images, in the female character, constantly present themselves for the pencil of truth and ingenuity. Fain would we, forever, cull the sweetest flowers, for lovely woman and gently place them on her peaceful bosom. But, as apathy seems to pervade the minds of genius, judgment and wit, we are necessitated, in the routine of our engagement, to *reprove* as well as *approve*, conceiving it as absolute a duty, equally to expose, the foibles of the age, in order to make them ridiculous, as with an honest pride and glowing heart, to raise to public view the lovely form of virtue.

Happy in the present perspective of our task, to find the view not obstructed by mountains of *Indiscretion*, we proceed to level those little hillocks, which rather perplex the eye of admiration, than obscure the delightful scene of harmony——————and thus,

When we behold a fond mother, who for months, or perhaps years, has endeavored in vain, by gentle dissuasives, to wean the affections of an amiable daughter, from the man, possessing a congeniality of sentiment and habits, with herself, seems designed by nature to make her happy, at last resort to the harsh and cruel expedient of denying his visits, and confining the daughter to her chamber————we cannot but reprobate the *Indiscretion* of that woman—she has "paved the way" to a thousand more indiscretions in her daughter, for reciprocal love is always inventive, and by some means or other,

either sooner or later, can never fail in the attainments of its object.

When we see a charming girl assume the *coquette*, and tamper with the feelings of a worthy young man, whom she *really loves*, until not a favorable one is left, in *his* bosom towards *her*, should he leave her with disgust, we pity her a forsaken Miss at thirty; but can never forget her youthful *Indiscretion*.

When we behold beauty, modesty and good sense, exposed to the chilly blasts of Autumn, almost in the habiliments of original nature, we regret the vicissitudes of our own climate, and cannot refrain from associating the idea of so much naked loveliness, with that happy place, where the mother of mankind first introduced the fashion. There the mild temperature of the ambient atmosphere, never threatened to its queen, the fatal consequences of Colds and Comsumptions. No licentious eyes were there, to cause a blush upon the beauteous face of Eve—or chide her for imprudence.—No libertines were there, to be incited by so many charms, to cast off all alliance with respect, true love and decency, and by their specious wiles and perjured troth, caress, and then devour their prey. All these, was harmony—was virtuous love—secure—but here the case is different, and when we behold our female friends, exposed to so many dangers and temptations, we grieve at their *Indiscretion*, while we offer our orisons at the guardian throne of Grace, to gift their minds with fortitude and their constitutions with strength, toward the dismal consequence.

When beauty and innocence are sacrificed to the sophistical eloquence of the libertine, whose false pretensions seemed to promise future bliss; but secure in his object, throws off the vile disguise, and shows his naked soul; when the lovely sufferer finds herself neglected, treated with indifference, and forsaken; when her only companions are the tears of disappointment and a broken heart; when grief and affliction have blighted the roses in her cheeks; and the treachery of him, who ought to be her only comforter, the cause—although we instantly condemn *him* to eternal infamy and disgrace, we are obliged to believe *her heedless infatuation* (not in a small degree) the cause, in suffering herself to be deluded, without searching, sufficiently, into the *heart and motives* of her seducer. Weep for her, ye friends to virtue, for *thoughtless and amiable* was her *Indiscretion*.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE

Of a celebrated Preacher in Paris, known by the name of LITTLE FATHER ANDREW.

A QUICK presence of mind often rescues a man from any gross mistake, into which he may have unavoidably plunged; as for instance—The little doctor being to preach one day in the church of his convent, in order that no part of his time should go by unoccupied, during the prayers, previous to the sermon, he was playing a game at cards in his room with an intimate; but the bell ringing for him to mount the pulpit, just as they were in a warm debate about the hands they held, he said, he could not then stay to decide the matter, therefore tucked both up in the sleeve of his gown, for a fair discussion of the matter after sermon.

The subject of his discourse was, the general immorality of the times, the too great indulgence of dangerous passions, and particularly of gaming, against which he inveighed with all the warmth and zeal he was master of; and both which he could affect to an amazing degree. But when carried away by the torrent of his declamation, on finding the people very attentive to him, he raised up his hands to heaven, to intercede for them, down from his sleeve, that had been somehow loosened by the vehemence of his gesticulation, fell the two hands of cards; which incident made some people look with a pious concern.

The little doctor, while others burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, stunned for a moment at so unexpected a disaster in the midst of a sermon that had gone on efficaciously, bethought him on a sudden of a stratagem, as he espied a young child not far from the pulpit: he beckoned to it, saying, "Come hither, my dear, gather up those cards, lying on the ground, and bring them to me," which the child did; he then asked the name of each card, which the young one accurately told; he next questioned it about the catechism, of which the almost infant was entirely ignorant. Little Andrew dismissed the child, and looking around the audience, with an air of indignation (secretly triumphing in his heart at the same time) he cried aloud, "Wicked fathers and mothers, is not this a scandalous, and a most flagrant proof of what I have advanced, that in this abandoned, this impious age, nothing is thought of but gambling?—Here is almost an infant that completely knows every card in the pack, is thoroughly learned in the Devil's book, yet is so absolutely ignorant of the book of his salvation! What early sacrifices do you make of the young hearts of your children to the prince of darkness! Ye more than parricide parents! ye betrayers of their precious souls to a miserable eternity!"—He kindled so fast, and fired upon the people so vehemently, that it alarmed the very faculty; and made them depart fully convinced, that what was in itself an unlucky accident, had been a powerful premeditated scheme of the preachers, to rebuke their dissoluteness, and bring them to repentance.——In some years after he divulged how the fact really happened.

(From a London Paper.)

CURIOUS FACT.

THE following very curious fact is communicated by a respectable gentleman in the neighborhood of Blanford.—We give the relation in the writer's own words:—

"James Cox, Mr. Grosvenor's under keeper, in his road to speak to me last Friday, the 5th inst. heard an old partridge in great distress over the hedge in a piece of oats, and judging that some enemy was among her young, he leaped over to examine into the matter, but seeing nothing, and still finding the old bird running round in the same continued distress, he looked more minutely among the corn, and at last found a large snake in the midst of the infant brood, and willing to see if any mischief had been done, he immediately cut open the snake's belly, when to his inexpressible astonishment, two young partridges ran from their horrid prison, and joined their distress-

ed mother, apparently very well, and two others were found in the same rapacious maw, quite dead. Strange as this may appear, it is not more curious than really true ! ! !"

ANECDOTE OF A CELEBRATED HARLEQUIN OF FRANCE.

A PERSON of the name Dominique was the celebrated Harlequin of France in the time of the President Harley. Dominique had not only an active body but an intelligent mind. He met the President at a public library, and gave him some information regarding the curiosities of the collection, to which the Librarian was not competent, The Magistrate was so much pleased. that without knowing his connections, he invited him to dine. Every person at table, excepting Harley, knew Jack Pudding, and one of them whispered to Harley his character and situation. The President offended at Dominique for accepting the invitation, and mortified at the affront to which his guests were exposed, rudely asked Dominique who, and what he was? "My Lord (said the facetious buffoon) I am both your relation and your successor." "How so ?" said the President, boiling with rage. "Your great grandfather was Harley *premier*; your grandsire Harley *deux*; your father Harley *trois*; you, my Lord, are Harley *quatre*; and myself Harle*quin*." Dominique continued in his place, and conduced not a little to the mirth and spirit of the company by this humorous genealogy.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 3, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 39 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

CONSUMPTION 13—apoplexy 1—cancer 1—casualties 2, (one a child of three years old, killed by falling into the hold of an Albany vessel; the other a man, killed by a fall from a ship's maintop)—convulsions 1—decline 1—drowned 1—dysentary 3—intermittent fever 1—flux 1—hives 2—locked jaw 1—palsy 2—sudden death 1—worms 1—and 7 (who ought perhaps to be classed amongst the murdered) of the small pox.

Of the above 10 were men—17 women—7 boys, and 5 girls.

Of the whole number 4 were of and under the age of one year—1 between 1 and 2—5 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—9 between 20 and 30—6 between 30 and 40—5 between 40 and 50—3 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 1 between 70 and 80.

SHAM DUEL.

At London, in the month of August last, two tradesmen near Blackfriars had a difference respecting a bet, which it was agreed to decide the next day with pistols. They met near the windmill, below Petty France, when the seconds had the good sense to drop the bullets into the proper place—their own pockets. One of the parties, who was let into the secret, *dropped dead* on the first fire! His opponent fled on the wings of fear, and next morning was proceeding in a post chaise to depart for Hamburgh or America, when he saw his *deceased* antagonist very composedly serving his customers behind his shop counter !

By a gentleman from Dover, (Del.) we learn that the snow Philadelphia, capt. Kennedy, of and from this port bound to Cadiz, was drove on shore in the gale last Friday, at Pilot-town, the passengers and crew saved, and it is said the vessel will be got off without injury.—Jerome Bonaparte and Lady were passengers on board, incog. and narrowly escaped drowning; 'tis said, the whole of the passengers were nearly naked, and that Madame Bonaparte was the first person who jumped into the boat.

[*Philadelphia Paper.*

PARISIAN MODES.

Frocks of muslin, over petticoats of white sarsenet: the frocks without trains, and trimmed at the bottoms with lace; the back laced, and open behind, trimmed also with lace. Shawls of crimson muslin, with an acorn of gold at each corner. Stockings are dyed of a pale lilac color: boots are in vogue, of purple or blue silk. Caps *a la Payeanne* again appear. There are seen silk hats, of rose, or the color of amaranth, made in the Savoyard style, and tying under the chin, the ribbons are passed across the cheek, and are attached with a very large bow.—Veils, worn in the manner of nuns, are disappearing. Bands of pearl, or coral, are more usual on the head; and bouqets of artificial flowers, highly scented, are worn on one side of the bosom; they give to the figure an air very voluptuous.——Some *belles* of *haut ton*, very fanciful, wear violet, or azure crape scarfs, made to cross on the back, and on the neck, and to fasten at the side, with a clasp of emeralds. Little children wear a *costume* of drawers of silk, ornamented with very clear muslin robes.

THEATRICAL REGISTER,

FOR 1804.

Friday, 26 October,

The *Will* and the Pantomime of *Black-Beard.*

Mrs. Darley, formerly on our Stage as Miss. E Westray, made her appearance in the character of Albina Mandeville. The acquisition of this lady's talents is of the greatest consequence to the Theatre. With additional force and all the simplicity and beauty which formely charmed the public, Mrs. Darley will inevitably stand in the foremost rank of favorites.

Monday, 29 October,

Macbeth, and *Ways and Means.*

A young gentleman of the name of Huntingdon made a first appearance in *Macbeth*. He evinced a knowledge of the Author and requisites for the profession, but the attempt appeared too much for him and the audience were not at all disposed to encourage him.

Mr. Harwood made his first appearance this season as *First Witch* and *Sir David Dunder.*

Wednesday, 31 October.

The *Marriage Promise* and *Deaf Lover.*

Married,

At Philipsburg, On Thursday evening last week, George Brinckerhoff, esq. of this city, to Miss Eliza B. Howland, of Philipsburg.

On Tuesday, Mr. Smith Bloomfield, to Miss Cathlene Vandenburgh, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, the 14th ult. Captain Peter Vanpelt, of this city, to Miss Sarah Davis, of that city.

On Sunday evening last, Edward Laing, merchant to Miss Judith Leycraft, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Frazee Ayres, merchant, to Miss Catherine Pitney, both of this city,

At Middletown (Con.) on Wednesday last week, Mr. Sidney W. Andrews, printer, of this city, to Miss Mary Clark, only daughter of Mr. A. Clark, of Berlin.

Died,

On Tuesday last week, Mr. Andrew Bowne, a respectable merchant of this city.

At New-Orleans, of the yellow fever, Mr. John M. Gelston, son of the Collector of the port of New-York.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, November 5,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

Cumberland's celebrated Comedy of

The NATURAL SON.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A celebrated COMIC OPERA, of

THE PADLOCK.

Leonora, - - Mrs. DARLEY.

WANTED,

An APPRENTICE to the Carving and Gilding Business.—Apply to

JOHN LEMAIRE,
No. 40, Barclay-street.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, *near the Theatre; where he practices* PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, *where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No.* 64, *Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. I, a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me, since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 432 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

Tickets in whole, halves, quarters, and eights, in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature No. III. for sale by

JOHN TIEBOUT No. 238, Water Street

BURTIS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS,
AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY——Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.——☞ A Correct Numerial Book kept.——TICKETS REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

FANCY CHAIRS,

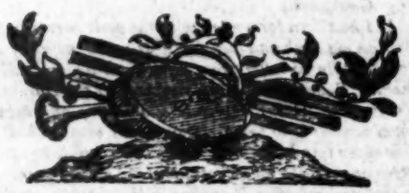
Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

NO. 417,

PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.

SAMUEL MOOR'S

Evening Tuition for Young Ladies, will commence on the 15th inst. For particulars apply as above.



ROBINS COMPLAINT,

A

VILLAGE BALLAD.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are wet with tears, but she,
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd did e'er I stray,
Or linger, when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say
And all she wish'd was quickly done:
I always think of her; but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Did I not rise by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nancy lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my fields in frost and snow:
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill:
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill:
My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of oats at least.
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch, what shall I do,
If Nanny do not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

CANZONET.

[*From Stranford's Comoens.*]

SPRING, in gay and frolic hour,
Deck'd my love from many a flower,
Bade young hyacynths diffuse
On her locks their scented dews;
Placed the violets darker dyes
In her all imperial eyes.

Made her glowing cheek display
Roses, just their prime retaining,
But reserved the buds for staining
Lips, as fresh and firm as they.

Dear one, he whose amorous suit
Fain would turn the blooms to fruit;
Does he merit thus from thee
Piercing thorns of cruelty?

OLD SIMON.

Tune—In a mouldering cave.

ON his crazy arm chair, on the downhill of life
Old Simon sat calm and resign'd;
He had outliv'd his friends, he had buried his wife,
Old Simon was lame, deaf and blind.

But the Being of Love, who still tempers the blast
With devotion had sweeten'd his mind;
Her gay smiles, o'er his wrinkles, Contentment had cast,
And cheer'd him, though lame, deaf and blind.

His misfortunes, his woes, could you hear him relate,
Insisting they all were design'd
To reclaim him from ill, or some bliss to create.
You'd long to be lame, deaf and blind.

When I learn says Old Simon, that topics of state
Inflame each political chief;
That they back-bite, snarl, slander, in noisy debat,
Old Simon's content to be deaf.

When Fashion, that temtper, than the serpent more sly,
To folly Eve's daughters inclin'd;
When, with scarce a fig-leaf, they obtrude on the eye,
Old Simon's content to be blind.

When battles' fell trumpets so frequently sound,
And blood marks our annals with shame,
When abroad, war and murder are raging around,
At home, I'm content to be lame.

Thus, this worthy old man, by contentment and pray'r,
To the ills of his life was resign'd;
And in death he exclaim'd, as he sunk in his chair,
What bliss to the lame, deaf and blind.

With chaplets of joy, in the regions above.
His temples the angels entwin'd;
Old Simon there blesses the Being of Love,
Who, here, made him lame, deaf and blind,

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of his instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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